A POWER COMIC

INSIDE: THE HULK MEETS TYRANNUS!

SMASH!

No. 72
17th JUNE 1967
EVERY MONDAY
7d

BATMAN

With ROBIN THE BOY WONDER

THE END OF YOUR PIRATICAL CAREER, JOLLY ROGER!

CURSES! IF YOU HADN'T DUCKED, I'D HAVE DE-HEADED YOU!

CLATTER!

THE TRAIL OF THE STOLEN COOKIES HAS TAKEN THE DYNAMIC DUO ON TO JOLLY ROGER'S PIRATE SHIP...

--AND AS FOR YOU, YOUNG LADY--!

GIMME A BREAK, BATMAN! I'M NOT A REALLY BAD GIRL!

I'LL TURN STATE'S EVIDENCE! I'LL RAT ON MY FRIENDS.

IN THAT CASE I'LL DO MY BEST TO SEE THAT YOU GET A LIGHT SENTENCE!

SURE! ABOUT TWENTY YEARS!!

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WE'D BETTER RADIO OUR CHINESE FRIEND, FAT LIP, THAT WE'VE RECOVERED HIS GEM-FILLED FORTUNE COOKIES!

RIGHT, ROBIN!

...BUT FIRST CONTACT THE U.S. NAVY TO PUT A CREW ABOARD THIS HULK!

RIGHT, BATMAN!

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MOMENTS LATER...

WELL DONE, BOY WONDER! WE'RE PROCEEDING TOWARD YOU AT FLANK SPEED!

BUT HOW WILL WE RECOGNIZE THE PIRATE SHIP, BOY WONDER?

THAT'S EASY, ADMIRAL, SIR!

-- WE'RE FLYING THE JOLLY ROGER!

LET ME DOWN! THIS IS UNDIGNIFIED!

ONE STORY ENDS—ANOTHER BEGINS—OVER THE PAGE!

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HOLY DIVE BOMBER, BATMAN! A FALLING PIANO!
MOST PECULIAR!
STEP ON THE GAS!
PERHAPS THERE IS JUSTIFICATION FOR SPEEDING--AT LEAST MOMENTARILY!
KRA-SH!!
A PIANO--DROPPED FROM AN UNMARKED HELICOPTER!
COULD IT HAVE BEEN AN ACCIDENT?
MORE LIKELY AN ATTEMPT TO KILL US, CHUM!
LOOK! THERE'S A NOTE, BATMAN!
IT SAYS: "DON'T FIDDLE WITH MATTERS THAT DON'T CONCERN YOU"--
HOLY CRYPTOGRAM! WHAT DOES THAT MEAN??
PROBABLY A WARNING OF SOME KIND!
--AND NOW THE BATPHONE IS BEEPING!
BEE BEE BEE BEE BEEP!
IF THIS IS YOUR IDEA OF A JOKE, YOUR HUMOUR IS SADLY MISPLACED! GOOD DAY, SIR!
WHO WAS IT, BATMAN?
SOME NUT CLAIMING TO BE JACK BENNY!
HE HUNG UP!
I TOLD YOU YOU SHOULD HAVE LET ME TALK TO HIM, *MR. BENNY, SIR!
* WE KNOW YOU KNOW—BUT WE THOUGHT WE WOULD REMIND YOU THAT JACK IS THE FUNNIEST (SO HE SAYS) AND THE MEANEST AMERICAN COMEDIAN WHO EVER 'FIDDLED' A LIVING.
BOY, AM I BUSHED!
I COULD USE ABOUT TWELVE HOURS SLEEP MYSELF!
I FEAR THAT IS NOT TO BE, SIR...
LATER, IN THE SUPER-SECRET BAT CAVE DEEP BENEATH STATELY WAYNE MANOR...
A BOOTLEG RADIO TRANSMITTER HAS BEEN ON THE AIR, DARING THE DYNAMIC DUO TO COME OUT AND FACE THE MUSIC!
WHAT CAN THAT MEAN, BATMAN?
I DON'T KNOW, CHUM—BUT IT'S A DARE WE MUST TAKE!
BOB KANE
—AND IT'S A 'DARE' THAT BRINGS BIG TROUBLE NEXT WEEK!
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Percy's Pets

OH, BOY! FISH AND CHIPS FOR DINNER!

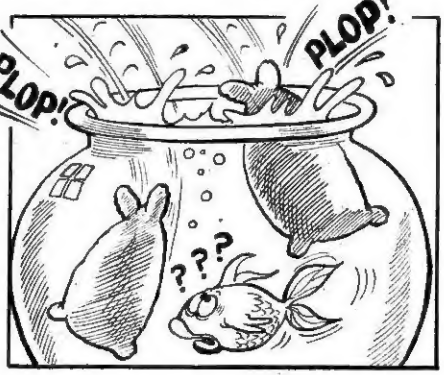
GONE
AAGH! FELIX HAS PINCHED THE FISH! COME BACK!

MMM— I LOVE FISH! SLURP!
HELP! A CANNIBAL!
SALT

HEY! YOU FORGOT THE CHIPS!—HAVE SOME UNCOOKED ONES!
BONK!

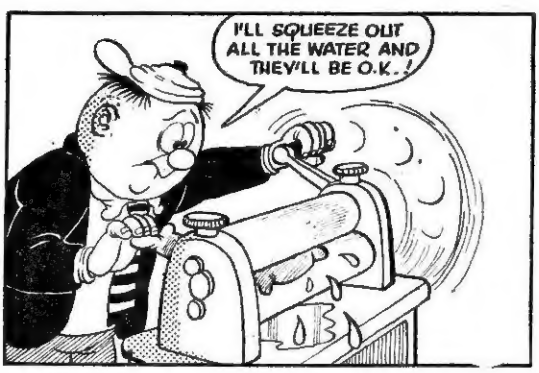
THIS IS MY DINNER, MATE— YOU'VE HAD YOURS!

HEH! HEH! I'M NOT BEATEN YET!
OOPS!
TRIP!


PLOP!
PLOP!
???

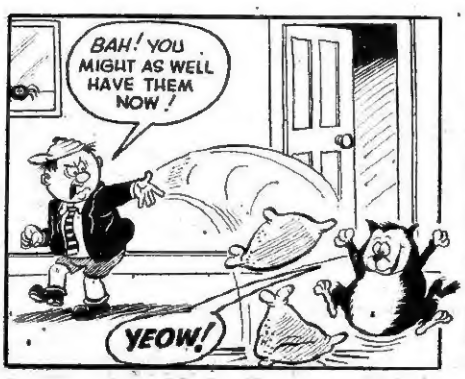
WAAH! GET THESE CORPSES OUT OF HERE! TAKE THEM AWAY AND FINISH CREMATING THEM!

THIS IS MY HOME — NOT A FLIPPIN' CEMETERY!
BAH! THOSE FISH ARE NO GOOD TO ANYONE NOW!


I'LL SQUEEZE OUT ALL THE WATER AND THEY'LL BE O.K.!

IT'S OK. NOW, MUM. THEY'RE AS GOOD AS NEW!

EEK! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE—? THEY'RE TOO BIG TO GO IN THE PAN NOW!


BAH! YOU MIGHT AS WELL HAVE THEM NOW!
YEOW!

FISH CHIPS
TWO SINGLE FISH, PLEASE— WITH PLENTY OF SALT AN' VINEGAR—
—TO MAKE THEM CATPROOF!

BAD PENNY
ONE PENNY
1967
AMMO
I'M MAD! I KNOW! I MUST BE—I'M IN LOVE WITH PENNY!
SHE MAKES MY HEART GO ALL A-FLUTTER—— MY HEAD SWIMS...
...I FEEL AS IF I'M WALKING ON AIR! SIGH!
18'
AAGH! HELP! I AM WALKING ON AIR!
HEH! HEH! HELLO, LOVER BOY! YOU'RE HOOKED! SNIGGER!
AAGH! PUT ME DOWN! I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU!
TICK-TOCK! TICK-TOCK! HEH! HEH!
WAA-AAH! WHAT'S THE IDEA?
SWING-GG!
GREAT BLISTERING BEETLE CRUSHERS! WHO'S THAT ASSAULTING AN OFFICER OF THE LAW?
THUMP!
BOO! HOO! HOO! IT WAS HER! IT WAS PENNY!
HO! HO! MUST USE THAT GAG AGAIN! IT WORKED A TREAT!
GRRR! I'LL FIX HER!
I PREFER A NET WHEN I'M AFTER A CATCH!
COO! YOUR HAIR'S ALL UNTIDY— IT'S ALL OVER THE PLACE!
SNATCH!
YOU'D BETTER HAVE A HAIR NET TO KEEP IT IN PLACE! SNIGGER!
AAGH!
I LOVE FISHING GAMES!
GRRR! YOU'RE REALLY FOR IT NOW!
I THINK I'LL DO SOME FLY FISHING NOW!
WIND!
P.C. SPRAT SHOULD APPRECIATE THIS! HE'S A KEEN FLY FISHER! SNIGGER!
BUZZ-ZZZZ

BU-ZZ-Z-Z
AAAGH! A BLINKING GREAT FLY!
WHOO-O-O-OSH!
GRR! GET OFF! HOP IT!
WHAT YOU NEED IS A FLY-PAPER! ALLOW ME!
BUZZ-Z-Z-Z
CLUNK!
OOPS! MISSED!
SPLAT!
UGH! GRRR! AGL! GLOOP!
TEE! HEE! HE CAN'T BLOW HIS WHISTLE FOR HELP NOW!
OH, NO! MY TOY FLY! IT'S RUN DOWN AND SMASHED!
CLUNK!
BOO! HOO! MY OLD PAL! MY GOOD OLD, FAITHFUL PAL! SOB! SOB!
YEOW! WHAT A TARGET!
AAGH!
HEH! HEH! PERFECT!
WHOMP!
ROTTER! ROTTEN OLD COPPER! OOH! OOH!
SPLOSH!
HORSE TROUGH
NOW, THERE'S WHAT I CALL A CATCH!
GRRR! VERY FUNNY!
I GOT THIS CUP FROM THE ANGLING CLUB FOR THE BEST CATCH OF THE WEEK!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

RUBBERMAN HAS BROUGHT ABOUT THE DEFEAT OF DOCTOR GLOOM WHO BECAUSE OF A SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT IS FORCED TO LIVE IN DARKNESS. BUT, AS WE SHALL SEE, THIS IS MERELY THE END OF **THE FIRST ROUND**...

A POLICE STATION IN ROME. RUBBERMAN WATCHES DOCTOR GLOOM ENTER A CELL . . .

YOUR WEIRDIE FRIEND HATES THE LIGHT— NO? SO I CHOOSE FOR HIM MY DARKEST, STRONGEST ACCOMODATION. NOTHING IS TOO GOOD FOR MY GUESTS!

YOU CAN JOKE!—BUT, I WARN YOU— BE CAREFUL! TAKE NO CHANCES WITH THIS MAN!

YOU STILL PERSIST WITH THIS FANTASTIC STORY ABOUT A DWARF WHO BECAME A GIANT, EH? TOMORROW YOU MAY CONVINCE THE JUDGE THAT YOU SPEAK THE TRUTH... BUT, I THINK YOU READ TOO MANY BOOKS—WITH AN IMAGINATION SUCH AS YOURS, YOU SHOULD *WRITE* THEM!

HAVE IT YOUR OWN WAY— BUT TOMORROW I'LL PROVE IT TO YOU!

THE HOURS PASS...

IT TROUBLES YOU, EH, CHIEF—THIS STORY OF A DWARF WHO BECOMES A GIANT! YOU CAN'T PUT IT FROM YOUR MIND, *NO?*

I AM A FOOL TO HEED SUCH FOOLISHNESS, BUT I THINK I TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT THIS 'WEIRDIE'... AND *PROVE* IT IS FOOLISHNESS...

THE POLICE CHIEF UNLOCKS THE CELL DOOR . . .

A WEIRD ONE— YES! BUT SUCH A LITTLE MAN TO BE A *GIANT*...

THE LIGHT! TAKE IT AWAY FROM ME!

SUDDENLY . . .

GET BACK! BACK—OR I WILL—UUHH!

TAKE IT AWAY!

A SCREAM OF PAIN COMES FROM BENEATH THE STRANGE COVERING...

THAT SHOT WAS AN *ACCIDENT*— BUT IF YOU TRY TRICKS LIKE THAT AGAIN — !!

THE BULLET —IT RICOCHETTED. IT HAS TORN MY SLEEVE . . .

AAAHHHHH!

HE... HE'S *GROWING* —BURSTING OUT OF HIS CLOTHES!

THEN...

THE PAIN! THE *PAIN!*

IT WAS THE TRUTH! *HE IS A... AAHH!*

DARKNESS! I MUST FIND *DARKNESS!!*

POLIZIA

WH... WHAT *IS* IT..?

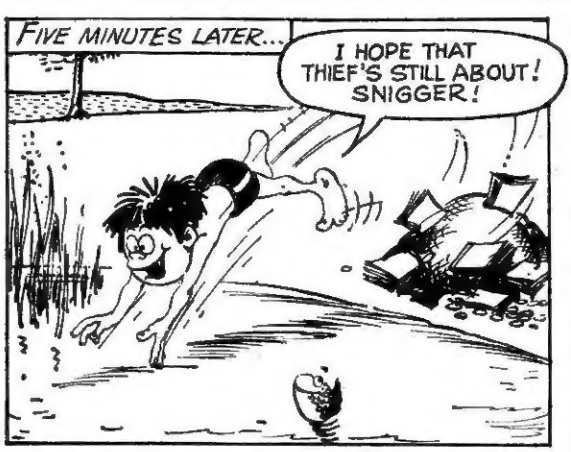
A GIANT! A GIANT! HE— AAAARGH!

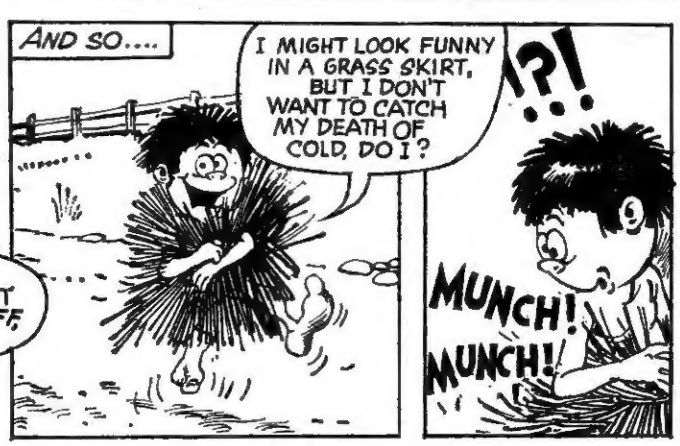
WH...WHA...HELP!
SHOOT! SHOOT HIM!
AAAAHHH!
POLIZIA
DARKNESS! I MUST GET OUT OF THE LIGHT!
THE WHOLE PLACE IS BURNING!
AND THAT CAR IS BLOCKING THE DOORWAY! QUICKLY THE BACK WAY!
CRACK!
SUDDENLY, THE PAIN CRAZED DOCTOR HEARS A FAMILIAR VOICE.
DOCTOR! IT IS ME—OTTO! I COME TO HELP YOU!
DARKNESS! FIND ME ... DARKNESS!
SEE—I HAVE THE SUIT TO PROTECT YOU— AND I KNOW WHERE WE CAN HIDE!
LEAD ME, OTTO! LEAD ME ... AND HURRY... HURRY!
THIS WAY! HERE IS DARKNESS!
YOU CAN PUT ON THE CLOTHES DOWN HERE, THEN WE SHALL ESCAPE! THERE IS A SECRET DOOR!
TWO HOURS LATER, IN A LONELY, DESERTED SLUM BUILDING...
AAHHHH! THE DARKNESS! NOW IT IS BETTER!
NO-ONE WILL FIND US HERE— BUT WHAT DO WE DO NEXT —?
NEXT, OTTO—? I MADE A PROMISE TO MAKE RUBBERMAN PAY FOR WHAT HE HAS DONE TO ME — AND PAY HE SHALL!
BUT HERE YOU ARE SAFE, DOCTOR. IF YOU LEAVE TO FIND RUBBERMAN YOU WILL BE CAUGHT. HOW CAN YOU KEEP THIS PROMISE?
LISTEN TO ME, OTTO. IN ROME THERE IS A SCIENTIST... PROFESSOR LEPPO. HE SHALL BE THE WEAPON WITH WHICH I SHALL DESTROY RUBBERMAN. BRING THIS SCIENTIST TO ME, OTTO... THAT IS ALL THAT IS NEEDED!
IF YOU THINK THIS IS THE KIND OF EMPTY THREAT THAT MEANS NOTHING (YOU'VE READ THEM ALL IN BRAND X)— WAIT TILL YOU SEE NEXT WEEK'S SMASH!

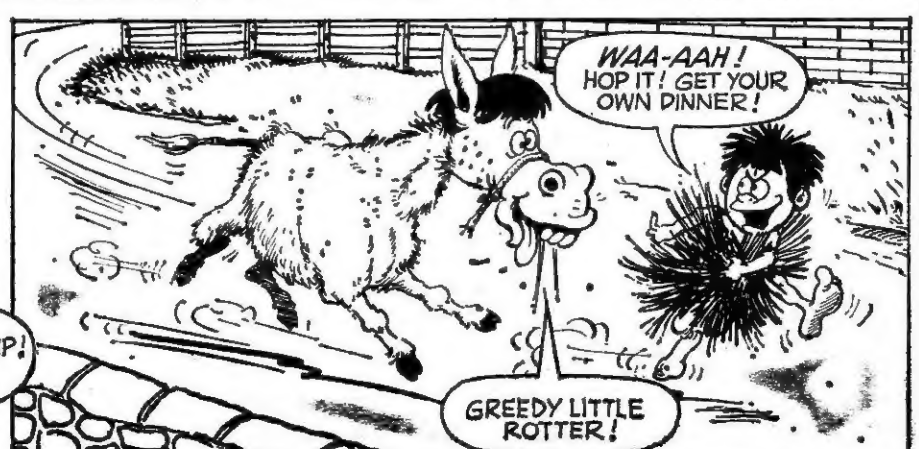
HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

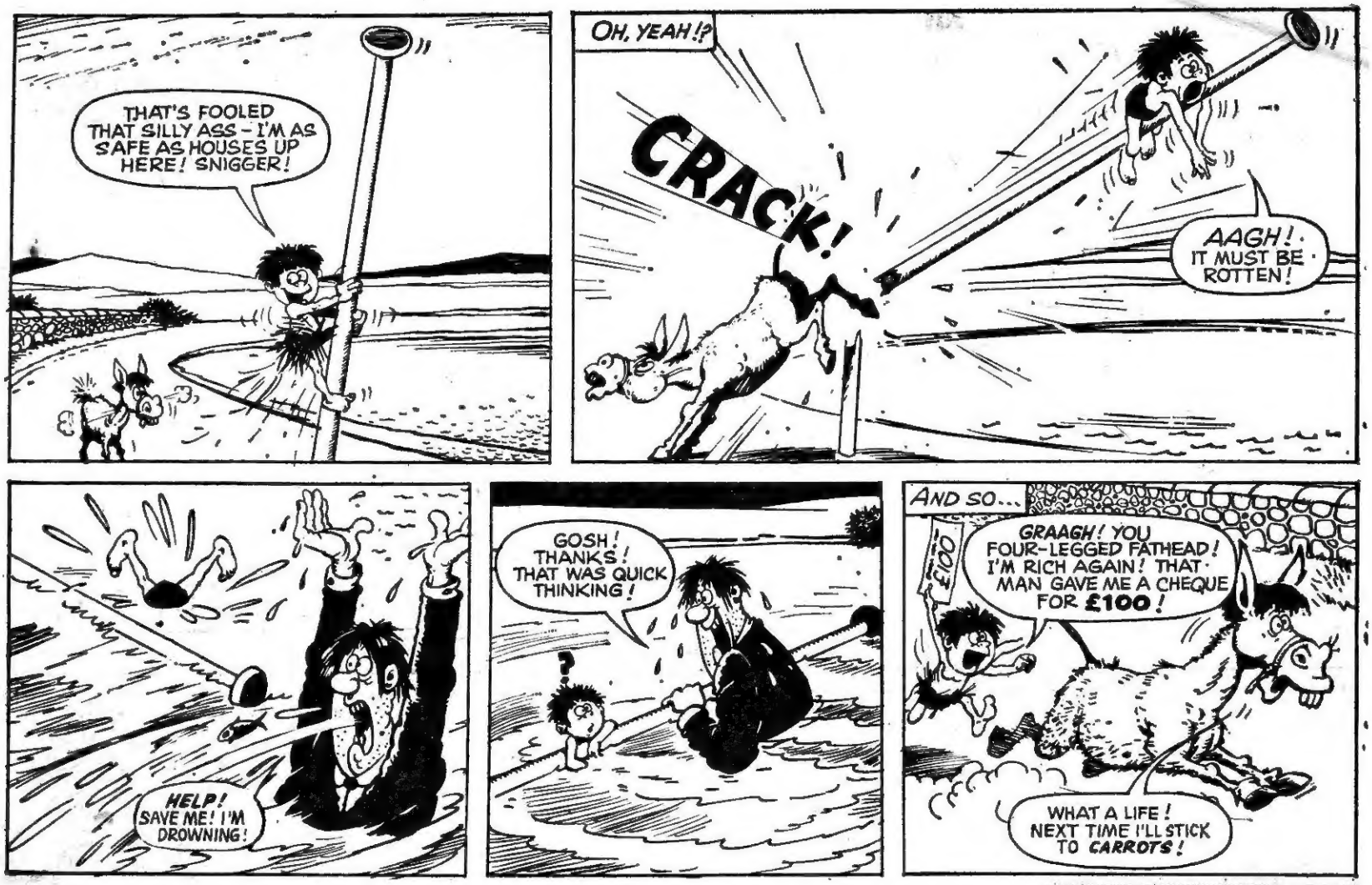
RONNIE RICH

GOSH! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, BILLY? WHERE ARE YOUR CLOTHES?
BRRR! I LEFT THEM AT THE SIDE OF THE POOL WHILE I WENT FOR A SWIM—AND SOME ROTTEN THIEF PINCHED THEM!








THAT'S FOOLED THAT SILLY ASS – I'M AS SAFE AS HOUSES UP HERE! SNIGGER!
OH, YEAH!?
CRACK!
AAGH! IT MUST BE ROTTEN!
HELP! SAVE ME! I'M DROWNING!
GOSH! THANKS! THAT WAS QUICK THINKING!
AND SO...
£100
GRAAGH! YOU FOUR-LEGGED FATHEAD! I'M RICH AGAIN! THAT MAN GAVE ME A CHEQUE FOR £100!
WHAT A LIFE! NEXT TIME I'LL STICK TO CARROTS!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

COOOO-EEEEEE! Don't reach for those instant code-solvers, sports! That's just dinkum Aussie talk for YIIPPPEEEEE!

So, you may well ask, why this all-of-a-sudden down under pitch, hey? Well, casting aside all modesty (and that's something we up here in the power-pen seldom do! Right?) we're going to make like old stretcho Rubberman and give ourselves a patter of pats on the back. The reason for this unprecedented outburst of unhumility? All because . . . WE'VE DONE IT AGAIN! Too right, mates! From way out in the outback of cobber- and coolibah-land we've roped in none other than "Billabong" Bob Stelmack, master of breathless brushwork, peerless penster, Australian comic artist supreme. And he's camped right here in the garret! But, having told you this much, we're going to clamp down the security blanket on Operation Stelmack. We're not going to reveal exactly what he's working on. Only that behind the locked door of Bob's new "geniuses only" office something BIG is under way! A plot is being hatched! And to go with it a new, new SUPER-HERO, the like of whom you'll never have seen before! Will Bob pull off this masterpiece of colossal creation? When will it appear? We're not saying.

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE

David Whitwell, Southend-on-Sea, Essex; Perry Isles, Saffron Walden, Essex; Colin Bail, Glamorgan, Wales; Joseph Moran, Clackmannanshire, Scotland; Melvyn Freer, Blaby, Leicester; Christopher Russell, Cheltenham, Glos.; Anthony Sansom, Chester, Cheshire; Paul Williams, Evesham, Worcs; Anita Tedder, Staines, Middx.; Pauline Horigan, Leeds 6, Yorks; Eamonn Whelan, Sharnford, Leicester; Ewen Cameron, Billericay, Essex; Paul McMullen, Benson, Oxon; Frank Brewer, Mevagissey, Cornwall; Philip Allan, Whitby, Yorks; Bobbie Jones, Hockley, Essex; Leslie Ogilvie, East Kilbride, Glasgow; Amanda Smith, King's Lynn, Norfolk; Ann Raisin, Rayleigh, Essex; Renee Folkard, Palmers Green, London.

But if we were betting men, and if we were selfish enough to work for money, we'd lay our pay cheques that Bob Stelmack is soon to make one of the most vital contributions to comic-dom since Caxton dreamed up printing.

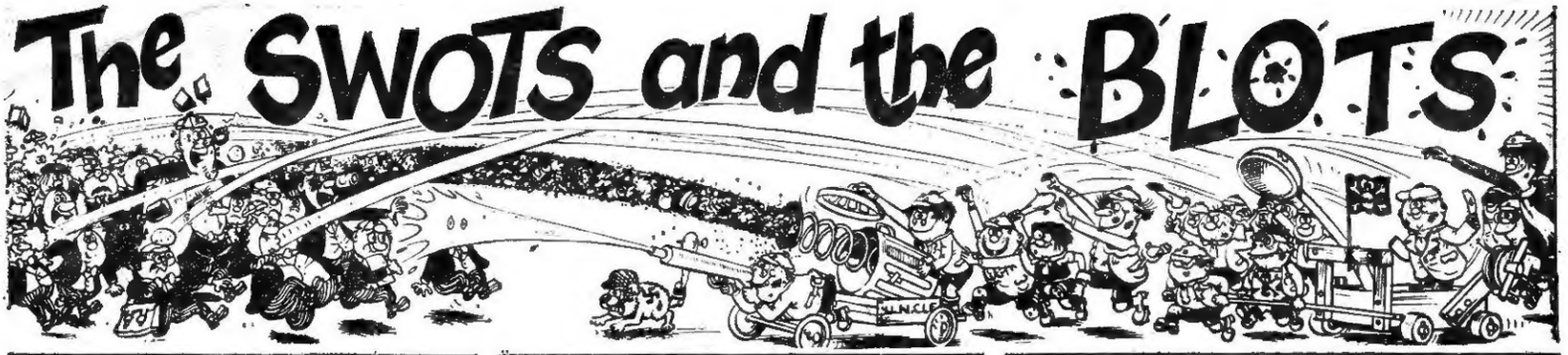
You know how it is. Some people (and that goes double for our office boy) never throw anything away. That's how it was we came across this back issue of the London Evening Standard and saw in bold, black headlines "POW! BRITISH SOLDIERS GO FOR COMICS!" Interested at once, we clipped on our pince-nez and delved into the smaller print. Said the spokesman for an organisation appealing for magazines for British soldiers overseas: "... although the soldiers are 18 upwards, the things they like best are comics!" Followed more of the same, and then: "We do not think it is unnatural in any sense" was quoted by an educationist. "You would probably find a fair number of 18 and 19-year-olds outside the army read comics also."

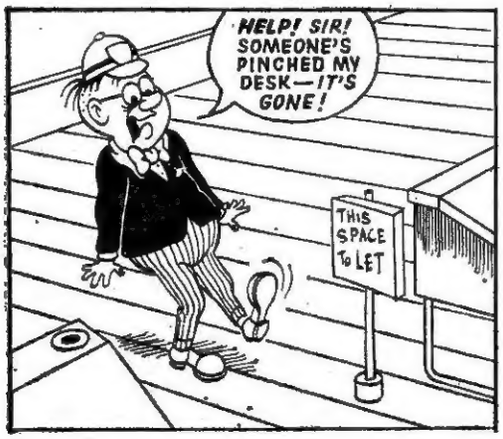
Well, for gosh sake, we were hardly bowled over or uplifted by this informational tit-bit. We knew that all along! Mind you, the Evening Standard didn't say which comics our soldiers liked best. But could be that headline contains just a little clue . . . right? Right!

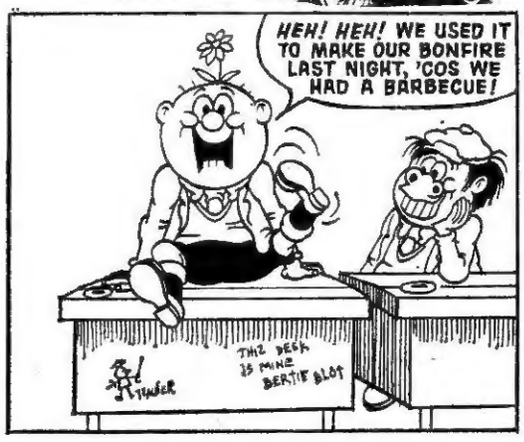
* * *

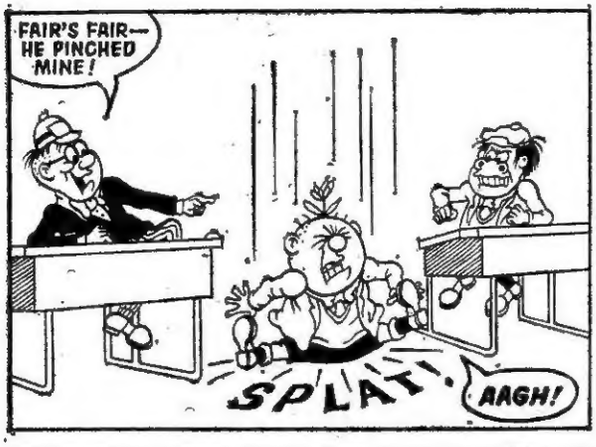
Nothing magical about it, but in every bulging daily sack of power-fan mail we get there's always ***a goodly selection of letters from you frantic ones penning high-blown praise for Doctor Strange, our TERRIFIC-based maestro of the mystic arts. Doesn't surprise us at all, for the Doc's battles against the uncanny and the evil make just about the most way-out, weird and downright imaginative pic-stories of all time! And still on the subject of magic, we garreteers truly believe that mad medieval Merlin's blazing book-length duel with mighty Thor is an out-and-out comic book*** classic. ***It's appearing, right now, in this week's issue of FANTASTIC.***

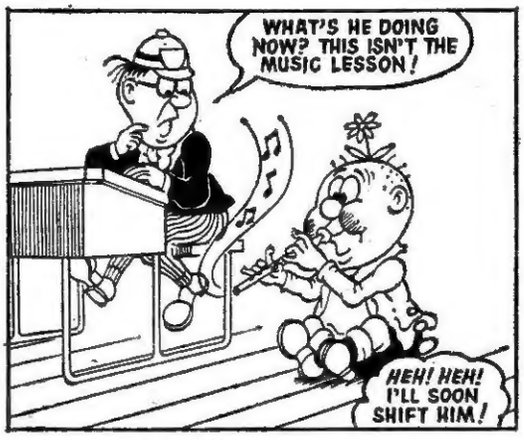
The SWOTS and the BLOTS

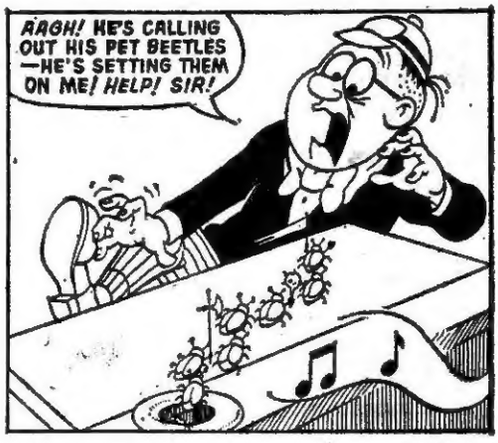


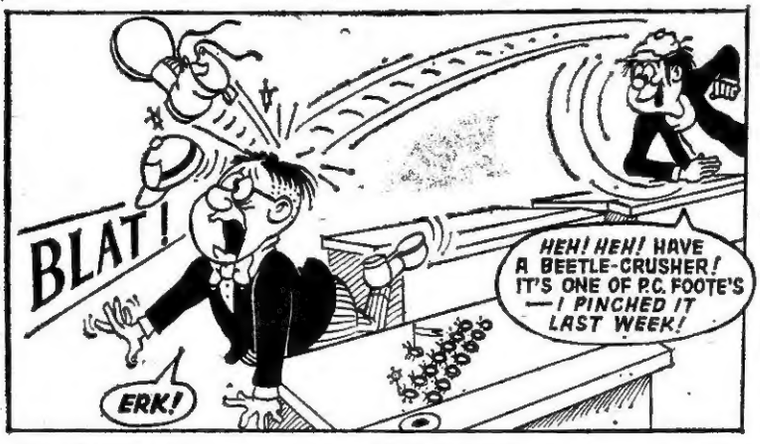


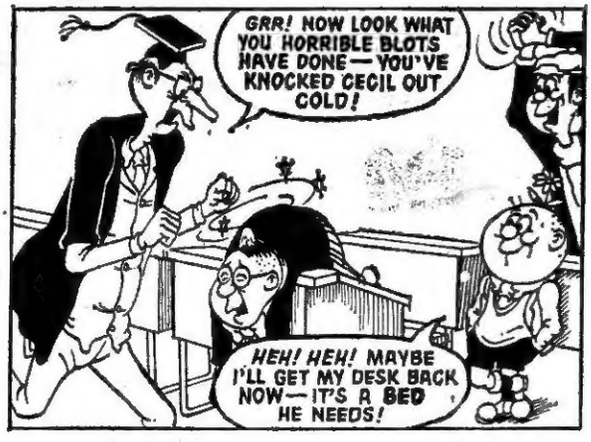


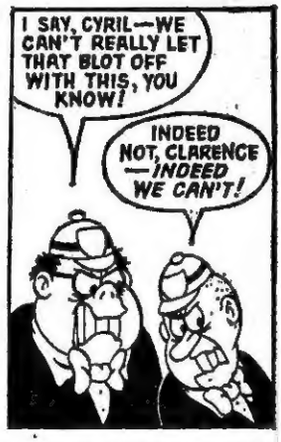


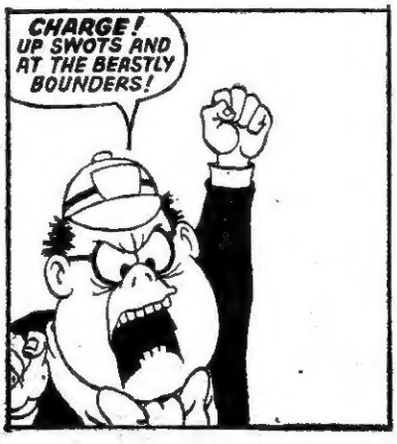


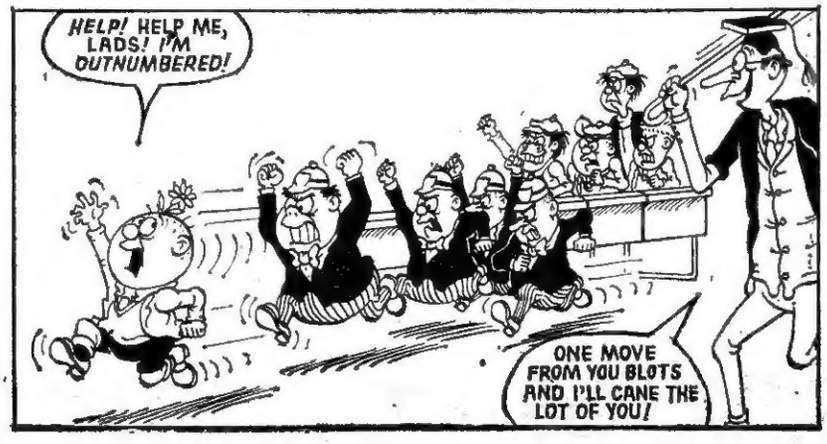


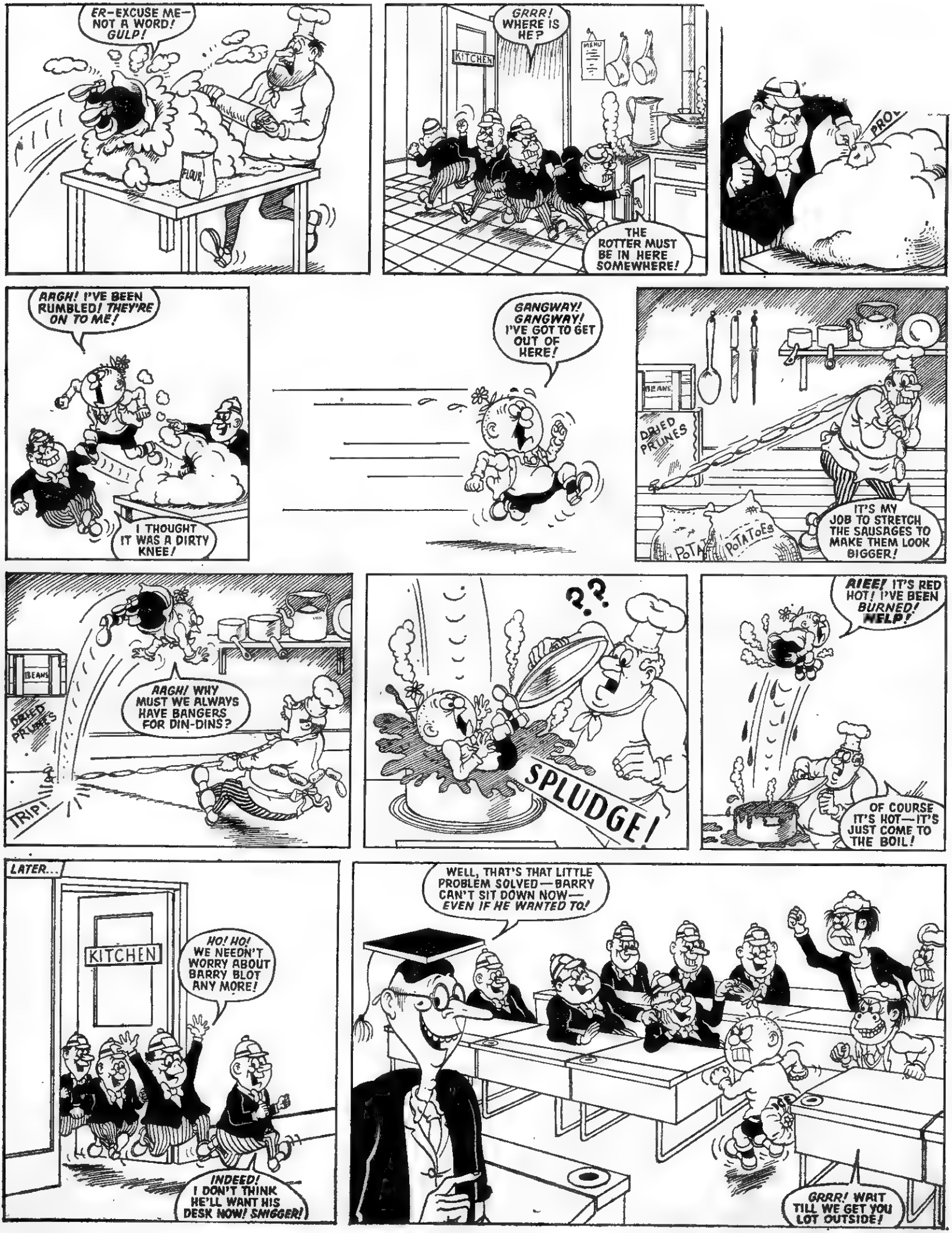



GRR! NOW LOOK WHAT YOU HORRIBLE BLOTS HAVE DONE— YOU'VE KNOCKED CECIL OUT COLD!
HEH! HEH! MAYBE I'LL GET MY DESK BACK NOW— IT'S A BED HE NEEDS!








ER-EXCUSE ME- NOT A WORD! GULP!
FLOUR
GRRR! WHERE IS HE?
KITCHEN
MENU
THE ROTTER MUST BE IN HERE SOMEWHERE!
PROD
AARGH! I'VE BEEN RUMBLED! THEY'RE ON TO ME!
I THOUGHT IT WAS A DIRTY KNEE!
GANGWAY! GANGWAY! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
BEANS
DRIED PRUNES
POTATOES
IT'S MY JOB TO STRETCH THE SAUSAGES TO MAKE THEM LOOK BIGGER!
BEANS
DRIED PRUNES
AAGH! WHY MUST WE ALWAYS HAVE BANGERS FOR DIN-DINS?
TRIP!
??
SPLUDGE!
AIEE! IT'S RED HOT! I'VE BEEN BURNED! HELP!
OF COURSE IT'S HOT—IT'S JUST COME TO THE BOIL!
LATER...
KITCHEN
HO! HO! WE NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT BARRY BLOT ANY MORE!
INDEED! I DON'T THINK HE'LL WANT HIS DESK NOW! SNIGGER!
WELL, THAT'S THAT LITTLE PROBLEM SOLVED—BARRY CAN'T SIT DOWN NOW—EVEN IF HE WANTED TO!
GRRR! WAIT TILL WE GET YOU LOT OUTSIDE!

THEY DWELL IN THE DEPTHS!"

BROODING BENEATH A SHINING SOUTHWESTERN MOON, A SILENT FIGURE SITS...HIS CLOUDED BRAIN TRYING TO REMEMBER--TO UNDERSTAND--TO PIERCE THE THICK, UNENDING VEIL OF DARKNESS WHICH KEEPS HIS ONCE-BRILLIANT BRAIN A *PRISONER* WITHIN HIS BESTIAL BODY...

NO PLACE TO GO! NO ONE TO TURN TO! THE WORLD HATES THE *HULK!* THEY HUNT ME--HOUND ME--TRY TO *DESTROY* ME! WHY? *WHY? WHY* DOES IT NEVER *END*--?!!

BUT THEN, A *CHANGE* COMES OVER THE GREEN-SKINNED TITAN'S MOOD--

LET THEM FIGHT THE HULK! LET THEM DO THEIR *WORST!*

NOTHING CAN HURT ME!! NOTHING CAN *BEAT* ME!

NOISE! COMING FROM GROUND--UNDERNEATH ME--!

ZZZZZZZ

BZZZZZZZZ

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1966

EVERYTHING THAT *LIVES* IS MY ENEMY--BUT THE *HULK* HIDES NO MORE! LET *MANKIND* HIDE!

I'LL GIVE THEM *REASON* TO FEAR THE *HULK!*

SOME *FORCE*--PULLING ME TO THE GROUND--!! SOMETHING *UNDER* ME--*STRONG!! TOO STRONG!!* PULLING ME DOWN--*DOWN*--*DOWN*--! NO! *HULK* WILL BREAK *AWAY*--!

ZZZZZZZZ

WHUMMP!

BUT, BEFORE THE BULGING-MUSCLED BEHEMOTH CAN BEGIN TO APPLY THE FULL EXTENT OF HIS INDESCRIBABLE POWER, A SUDDEN BLINDING *FLASH* ERUPTS, AND---

WHIST!

SOMETHING *HAPPENING!!* I'M *FADING AWAY*--!

A SPLIT-SECOND LATER, HUNDREDS OF LEAGUES BENEATH THE SURFACE OF EARTH, A LIVING OBJECT TAKES SHAPE WITHIN A STILL-GLOWING *MATTER TRANSFORMER*--

AT LAST! AFTER ALL THESE DAYS OF SEARCHING--SEEKING--WE *HAVE* HIM!

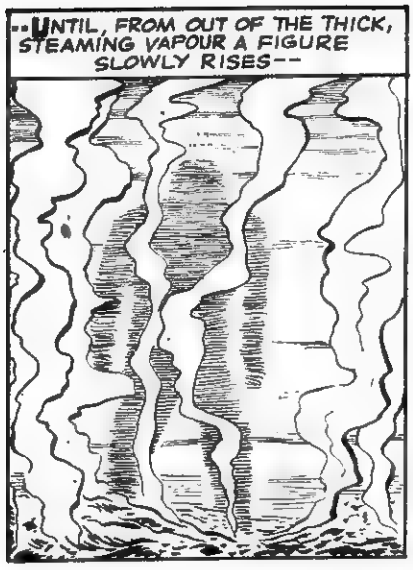
THE ONLY MORTAL ON *EARTH* MIGHTY ENOUGH TO DO WHAT MUST BE DONE!

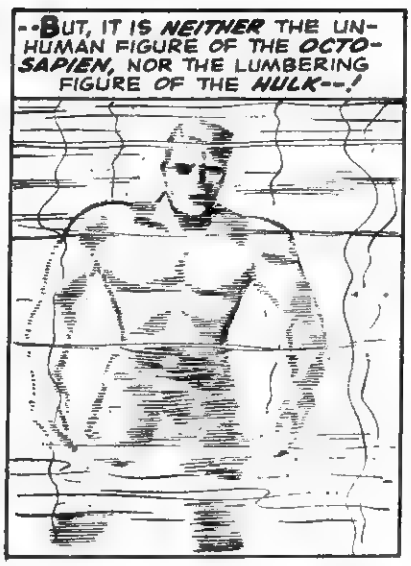
ZZZ

QUICKLY RECOVERING FROM THE STARTLING NEWS, THE MOLE MAN BARKS A SWIFT COMMAND, AND THEN...
WARRIORS--STAND YOU BACK!! LET THERE BE ROOM--!
ROOM FOR THE MOST POTENT, DESTRUCTIVE WEAPON EVER CREATED!! APPEAR!! YOUR MASTER COMMANDS--!
MAN! I NEED NOT FEAR A HUNDRED HULKS!! NOTHING THAT LIVES CAN SURVIVE THE ATTACK OF MY ROBOTIC, MULTI-POWERED OCTO-SAPIEN!!
THOOM!
THOOM!
MEANWHILE, IN THE OPULENT QUARTERS OF THE ANCIENT TYRANNUS--
SOON--SOON I SHALL BE AS I WAS, I MUST! I MUST!
EXCELLENCY! THE GREEN-SKINNED ONE HAS EATEN--AND NOW HE RESTS!
HE RESTS?!!
HE CANNOT REST! THERE MUST BE NO REST FOR ANYONE--NOT UNTIL THE LIFE-GIVING WELL IS MINE AGAIN!
EACH PASSING SECOND BRINGS ME CLOSER TO MY DOOM! ONLY THE MAGICAL WATERS CAN RESTORE MY YOUTH--UNTIL I HAVE BATHED IN THEM, EACH PASSING MOMENT MAY BE MY LAST--!
NO ONE CAN REST TILL TYRANNUS HAS CAST OFF THE MANTLE OF AGE!
AWAKE! THERE IS MUCH TO BE DONE! AWAKE, I COMMAND YOU!
IT IS USELESS! EVEN HIS SLEEP IS TOO POWERFUL TO SHATTER! BUT I MUST WAKEN HIM--BEFORE MY TIME RUNS OUT!
AND THEN, THE DEEP, RUMBLING VOICE OF THE HULK ANGRILY BOOMS THROUGH THE CHAMBER...
LEAVE ME! GET OUT--OR HULK WILL BREAK YOU--LIKE A TWIG!
NO! I'M BEYOND ALL THREATS!
YOU MUST RISE! FOR, IF I PERISH--SO DO YOUR FELLOW SURFACEMEN!
TUGG!
HUH? WHAT--?!!
SEE? YOU ARE NOT THE ONLY ONE I CAPTURED!
BY CAREFUL OBSERVATION, I KNEW THAT THESE THREE HAD SOME CONNECTION WITH YOU! MY MATTER TRANSFORMER PLUCKED THE GIRL FROM AN ARMY BASE--THE OTHER TWO FROM A PLANE WHICH HAD BEEN FOLLOWING YOU!
THE HULK!!
BUT, HE DOESN'T SEEM TO RECOGNIZE US!
IT WOULD MAKE NO DIFFERENCE IF HE DID!
HULK--YOU MUST HELP US! YOU MUST FREE US FROM HERE! HULK--!!
HULK--TRY TO REMEMBER! I'M YOUR PAL--I'M RICK JONES! YOU SAVED MY LIFE ONCE! THINK, HULK--THINK!
RICK--HOW COULD YOU CLAIM HE'S REALLY BRUCE BANNER?? HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW ME! HE--HE DOESN'T CARE--!
STOP TALKING! YOU'RE JUST ANGERING HIM! HE'S COMING TOWARDS US--!
QUIET! LET HULK TALK!
HULK HAS NO FRIEND--EXCEPT TYRANNUS! YOU COME FROM SURFACE--WHERE MEN TRY TO KILL HULK! BUT, YOU WON'T TRICK ME--!
WAIT! NO ONE'S TRYING TO TRICK YOU! TYRANNUS CAPTURED US! CAN'T YOU SEE??
IT'S HOPELESS! HE'S MORE SAVAGE, MORE BRUTAL THAN EVER! HE'S PUTTING HIMSELF INTO A RAGE!
BUT, IF THE HULK ISN'T BRUCE BANNER--THEN--BRUCE MUST BE--DEAD!
BANNER! BANNER! BANNER! I HATE THAT NAME--DO YOU HEAR?? HATE IT! HATE IT! HATE IT!
LOOK OUT! HE--HE'S GOING MAD!
THERE IS NO BANNER! ONLY THE HULK! I'M THE HULK! THE HULK!
GET BACK! HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING!
SKRUNCH!
BUT, AT THAT VERY SPLIT-SECOND, A THUNDEROUS ARTILLERY BARRAGE SHATTERS THE VERY HEART OF TYRANNUS' UNDEREARTH REALM...
EEEE

ONCE OUTSIDE, THE LUMBERING LEVIATHAN SEES THE ADVANCE SHOCK TROOPS OF THE ENEMY SKIMMING OVERHEAD ON SPEEDY, LOW-FLYING AIR-CYCLES--
RRRR
THEY THINK HULK CAN'T CATCH THEM!
BUT HULK CAN CATCH ANYTHING--!
THOOM!
SKRRAKK!
BY THE TIME HIS INCREDIBLE LEAP HAS CARRIED HIM TO HIS DESTINATION, THE RAGING HULK HAS ACTUALLY FORGOTTEN THE REASON HE IS ATTACKING THE MOLE MAN'S FORCES! ALL HE KNOWS IS--HE FACES AN ENEMY, AND--AS EVER--HIS STAGGERING POWER MUST BE UNLEASHED--!
YOU TRIED TO KILL HULK! NOW YOU PAY--NOW HULK STRIKES BACK!
NO GUN IS BIG ENOUGH TO STOP HULK! RUN! RUN! ONLY THE HULK NEVER RUNS! ONLY THE HULK CAN SMASH ANYTHING!
SHOOSH
BA-OOM!
THE FREEZE GUN--ONLY THAT CAN SAVE US!
JUST IN TIME! THAT CHEMICAL ISO-ICE CAN HOLD A MOUNTAIN IN ITS UNBREAKABLE GRIP!
NOW, QUICKLY! SUMMON THE MASTER! THE MOLE MAN MUST KNOW WE HAVE CAPTURED THE HULK!
GIT!
WAIT! LOOK! WITHIN THE BLOCK OF ICE--HE MOVES! HE STRUGGLES--!
IMPOSSIBLE! THE ICE GROWS HARDER WITH EACH PASSING SECOND! NOTHING CAN MOVE WITHIN IT!
THE--HULK--CAN--MOVE--!
THEN, FINALLY--AFTER THE MOST MASSIVE EXAMPLE OF MUSCULAR PRESSURE EVER RECORDED IN THE ANNALS OF CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE...
RRRAKK!
HE'S FREE!
IF THE ICE GUN COULDN'T STOP HIM--WHAT CAN?!
HE IS A LIVING DEMON! HE'LL DESTROY US ALL! RUN! RUN!
THERE'S NO PLACE TO RUN! NO PLACE HULK CAN'T FOLLOW!
BACK, YOU SPINELESS, BRAINLESS, CRAVEN COWARDS! BACK, I SAY!
SO! YOU DARE DESERT YOUR MASTER! YOU DARE FLEE FROM THE MOLE MAN! FOOLS! YOUR PUNISHMENT SHALL BE BEYOND DESCRIPTION!
BUT I NEED NO ONE ELSE! I HAVE PREPARED FOR THIS FATEFUL MOMENT!
THERE IS ONLY ONE WHO CAN YET WREST VICTORY FROM DEFEAT!
BY THE MOLE MAN'S COMMAND--LET THE OCTO-SAPIEN COME FORTH!
THOM!
AHH!--HE COMES--!

SEIZE THE HULK! NOW--APPLY MAXIMUM FORCE! THE GREEN-SKINNED CREATURE MUST NOT ESCAPE! REPEAT--THE HULK MUST NOT ESCAPE!
-ARRGHHHH!-NOTHING CAN HOLD HULK! NOTHING!
RAVE ON, YOU SAVAGE! YOU HAVE FINALLY MET YOUR MATCH! THE HULK IS DOOMED!
BUT, THAT STRANGE CONGLOMERATION OF LIMITLESS POWER AND RAMPAGING FURY WHICH MAKES UP THE HULK, BECOMES VIRTUALLY UNCONTROLLABLE WHENEVER THE CAUSE SEEMS MOST HOPELESS--
HULK IS STRONGER THAN ANYTHING!!
BLAM!
THE GRAVITY RAYS--QUICK! USE THEM TO PIN HIM AGAINST THE WALL!
UNNNHHHH!
WHAP!
GOOD! GOOD! EVEN HIS BRUTE STRENGTH CANNOT PREVAIL AGAINST THE MIGHTIEST OF MY CREATIONS!
NOW, WHILE YOUR GRAVITY RAYS KEEP HIM IMMOBILE, USE YOUR OTHER ARMS TO FIRE YOUR LETHAL SHOCK BLASTS!
NOW, YOU BRAINLESS MONSTROSITY--WHILE THE ADVANTAGE IS STILL OURS!
HAH! THAT'S IT! EACH NEW BLAST MAKES HIM WEAKER --AND WEAKER! I'VE WON!
THOK!
NO! NO ONE BEATS HULK! NO ONE!
HE'S ADVANCING! MORE POWER! MORE POWER! HOLD HIM BACK! HE MUST COME NO FURTHER!
ARRHHH!
KHOK!
YOUR FINAL WEAPON --THE LIFE-REDUCTION RAY! USE IT--USE IT --USE IT!
BOOM
UHHHH!
WE DID IT! HE'S DOWN! NOW--TO KEEP HIM DOWN!
ONE FINAL BURST WILL FINISH HIM! PREPARE TO COMBINE ALL YOUR RAYS IN ONE CATACLYSMIC ONSLAUGHT!
WHEN MERGED TOGETHER, THEY BECOME THE MOST DEADLY SINGLE ELEMENT IN EXISTENCE!
BUT, EVEN WHILE FALLING, THE INCREDIBLE HULK MAKES ONE LAST, DESPERATE LUNGE, HURLING THE OCTO-SAPIEN OFF-BALANCE, SO THAT ITS FINAL LETHAL BLAST MISSES THE MARK--!
NO! NO! HULK WON'T DIE! HULK CAN'T DIE!
STOP HIM! STOP HIM! HE'S FORCING YOU INTO THE WELL! THE WATER WILL MAKE YOUR CIRCUITS EXPLODE!
TOO LATE! IT'S TOO LATE TO SAVE THE OCTO-SAPIEN NOW--BUT, IT'S JUST AS WELL!
EVEN THE HULK CANNOT POSSIBLY SURVIVE THE ENSUING EXPLOSION!
SPLOOSH!
AND THEN, AS THE MOLE MAN HAS PREDICTED--IT HAPPENS--!
BOOM
FOR LONG, ANGONIZING MOMENTS, NOTHING IS SEEN, NOTHING IS HEARD, NOTHING MOVES--





NEXT ISSUE:

THE MOST STARTLING DEVELOPMENTS OF ALL, TO STAGGER YOUR SENSES AND DAZZLE YOUR EYES!

MEET... Mister Knowall!

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

DID YOU KNOW? ...

The Iroquois Indians gave up taking scalps a long time ago. But they are still performing some "hair raising" feats. For the Iroquois have become famous for their skill as "spider-men," erecting the steel framework of New York's skyscrapers hundreds of feet in the air.

£1 for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win £1. But remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

My favourite feature in SMASH is: .....

The feature I don't like is: .....

My age is: .....

To: Mr. Knowall, SMASH,

64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

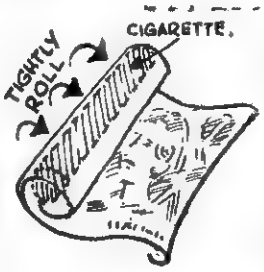
BEND IT!

You need a cigarette and a pound note for this trick. Borrow them from Dad and I bet he'll agree it was worth the risk when you've shown him this bit of Knowall magic.

For you are going to bend the cigarette into quarters without breaking it!

Impossible? No! You tightly roll the cigarette in the pound note, then bend the note with the cigarette inside first into halves as tightly as you can, then into quarters.

Now unroll the note to disclose that the cigarette has suffered no more than a couple of wrinkles that are easily smoothed out.



Bird Call!

Get an empty jam jar and a piece of polystyrene about half an inch square, says *Knowall David Wilkes of Hatfield.*

Wet the jar and when you rub the polystyrene on the wet jar it will whistle like a bird!

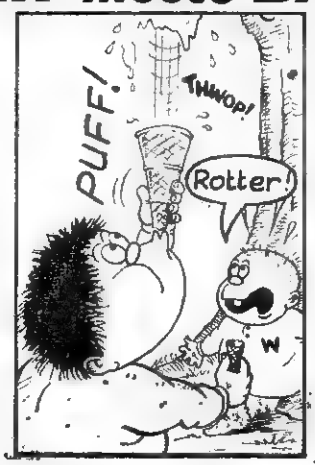
So if you want to whistle up the birds . . . don't thank us—it's all part of the service.

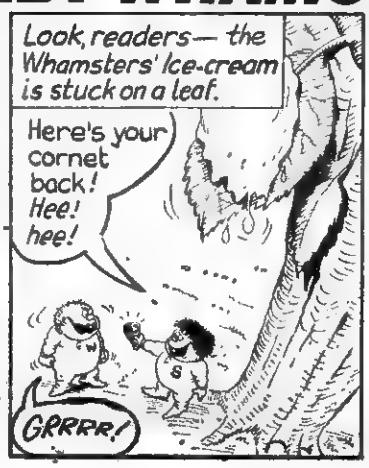
RUM RECIPE

Do you know how to make Daisy wine, asks Knowall Eric Burton of Salford? You will if you turn the page upside down—but I warn you, Eric can't spell.

Answer: Pour boiling water into her boots! Ouch!!

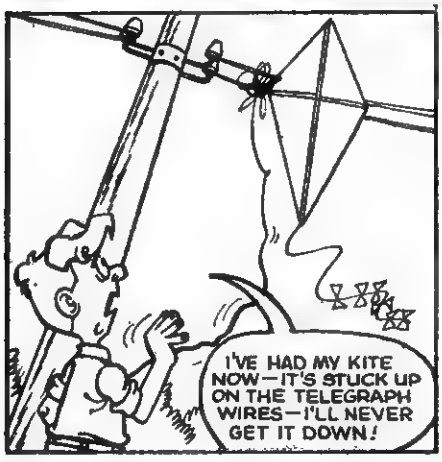
BABY SMASHER meets BABY WHAMSTER

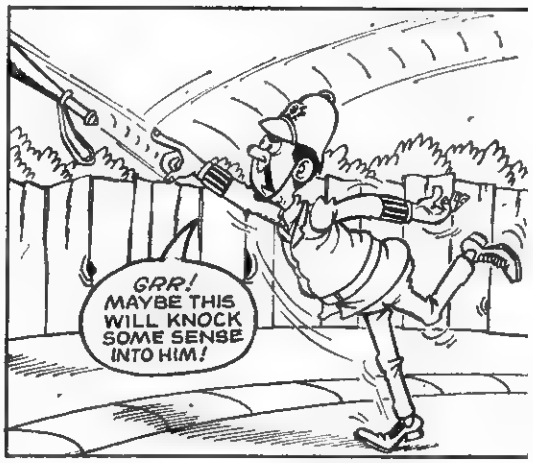


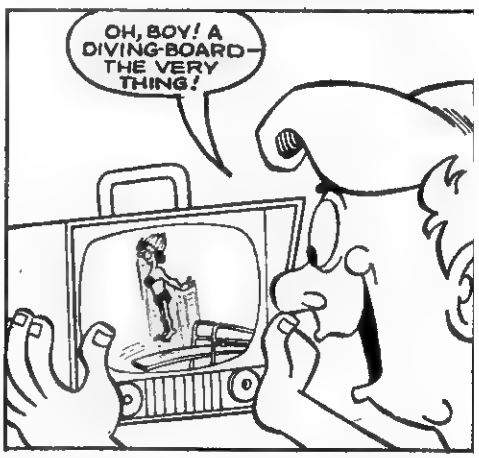


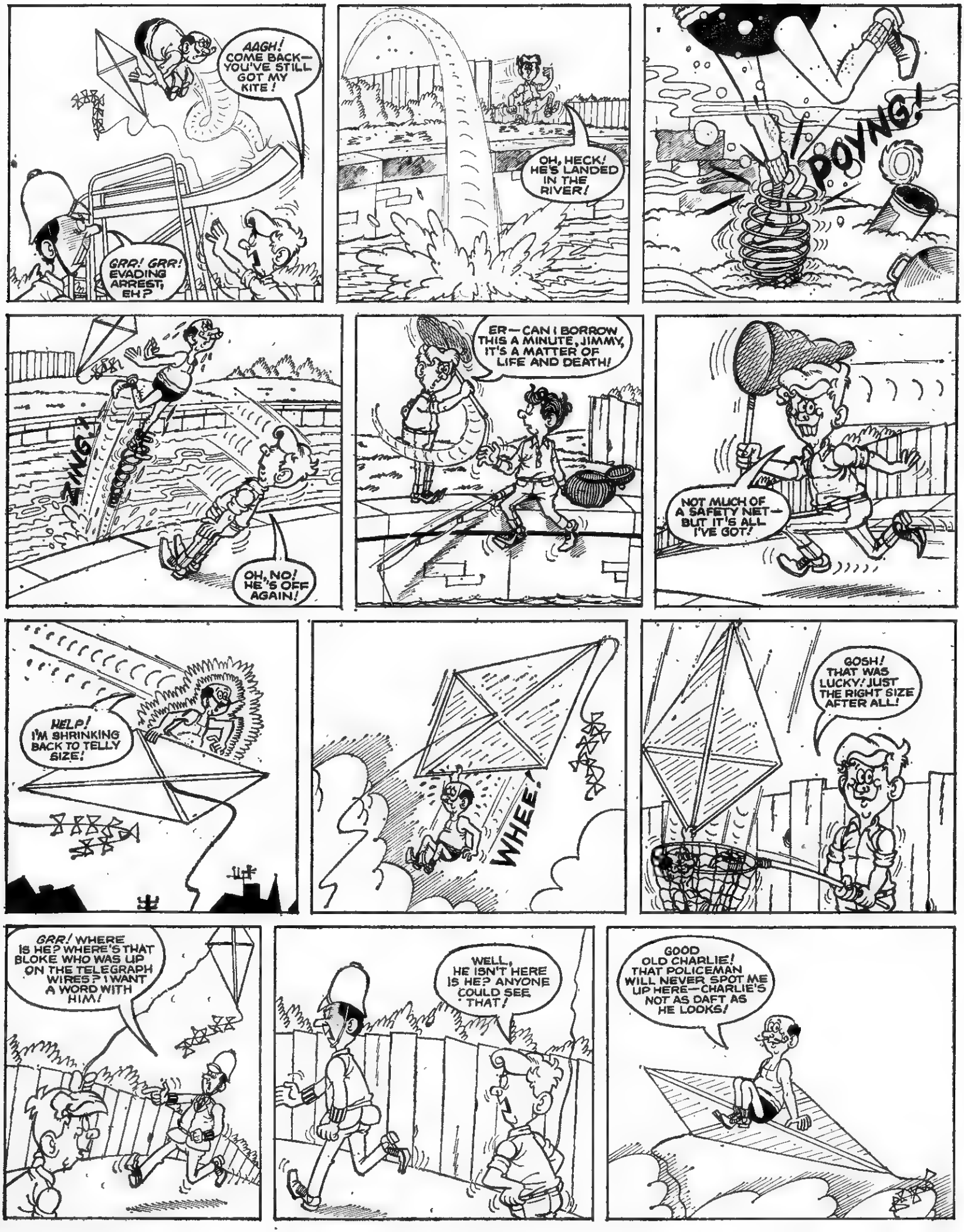
Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

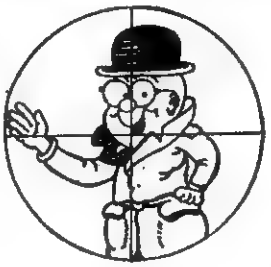






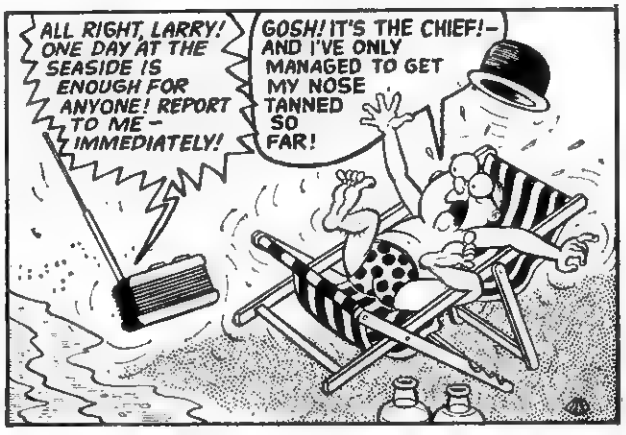

AAGH! COME BACK— YOU'VE STILL GOT MY KITE!
GRR! GRR! EVADING ARREST, EH?
OH, HECK! HE'S LANDED IN THE RIVER!
POYNG!
ZING!
OH, NO! HE'S OFF AGAIN!
ER—CAN I BORROW THIS A MINUTE, JIMMY, IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!
NOT MUCH OF A SAFETY NET— BUT IT'S ALL I'VE GOT!
HELP! I'M SHRINKING BACK TO TELLY SIZE!
WHEE!
GOSH! THAT WAS LUCKY! JUST THE RIGHT SIZE AFTER ALL!
GRR! WHERE IS HE? WHERE'S THAT BLOKE WHO WAS UP ON THE TELEGRAPH WIRES? I WANT A WORD WITH HIM!
WELL, HE ISN'T HERE IS HE? ANYONE COULD SEE THAT!
GOOD OLD CHARLIE! THAT POLICEMAN WILL NEVER SPOT ME UP HERE—CHARLIE'S NOT AS DAFT AS HE LOOKS!

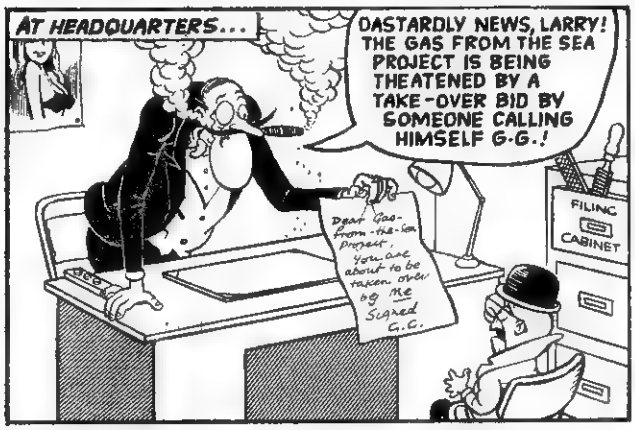
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

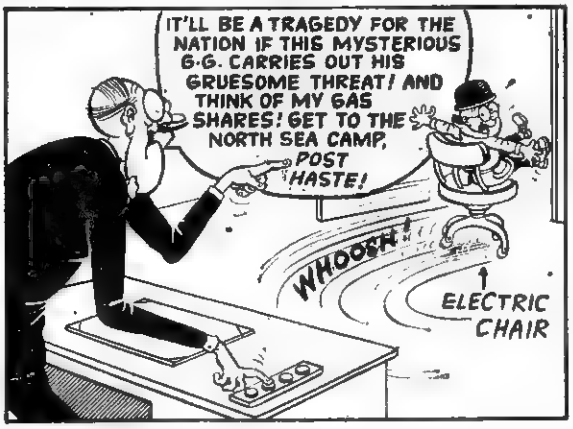


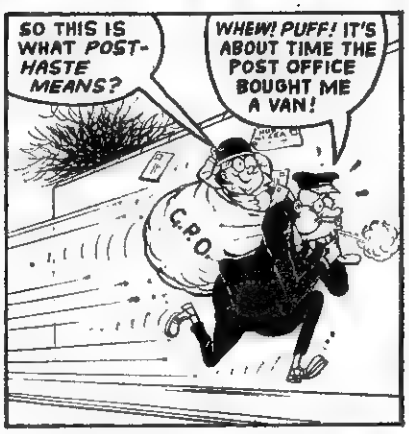
AT SEAWEED-ON-SEA, ON THE SOUTH COAST...
IT'S A NICE CHANGE FROM CRIME—EATING CANDY-FLOSS AND LISTENING TO POP MUSIC!
DIE DETERGENT
MARGATE SUN OIL

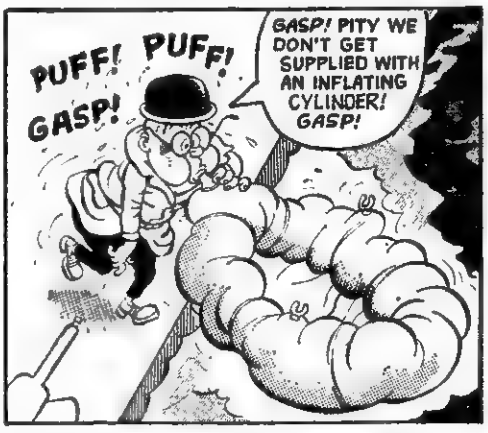
SORRY, EVERYBODY, BUT THAT WAS THE LAST RECORD YOU'LL BE HEARING FROM US! YOUR FAVOURITE POP PIRATE STATION, RADIO BLEEP, IS BEING CLOSED DOWN BY THE GOVERNMENT!
OH, WELL, I'LL JUST HAVE TO LISTEN TO THE SOUND OF SILENCE—THAT'S ALL!

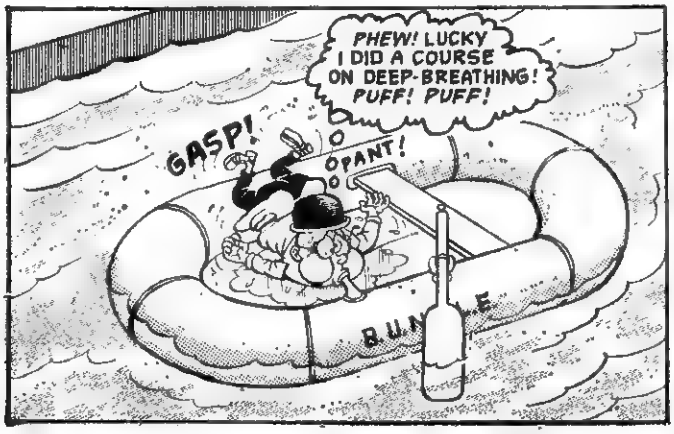

ALL RIGHT, LARRY! ONE DAY AT THE SEASIDE IS ENOUGH FOR ANYONE! REPORT TO ME—IMMEDIATELY!
GOSH! IT'S THE CHIEF!—AND I'VE ONLY MANAGED TO GET MY NOSE TANNED SO FAR!

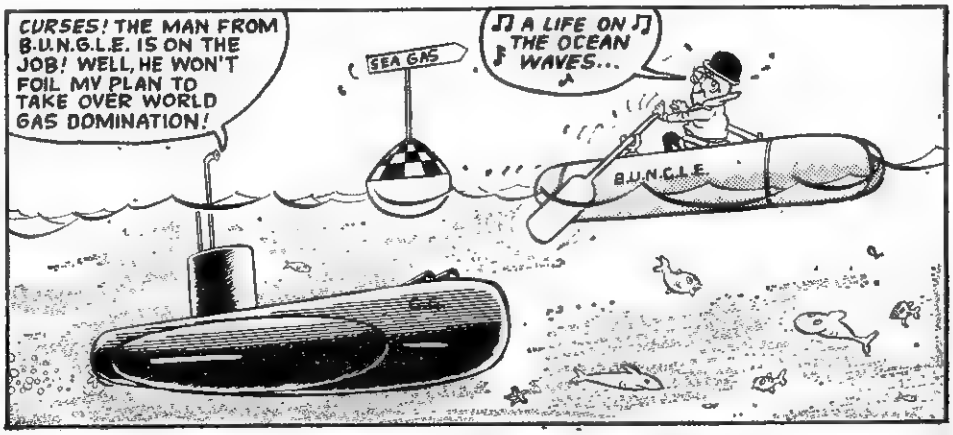

AT HEADQUARTERS...
DASTARDLY NEWS, LARRY! THE GAS FROM THE SEA PROJECT IS BEING THEATENED BY A TAKE-OVER BID BY SOMEONE CALLING HIMSELF G-G.!
Dear Gas-from-the-Sea Project, You are about to be taken over by me Signed G.G.
FILING CABINET


IT'LL BE A TRAGEDY FOR THE NATION IF THIS MYSTERIOUS G-G. CARRIES OUT HIS GRUESOME THREAT! AND THINK OF MY GAS SHARES! GET TO THE NORTH SEA CAMP, POST HASTE!
WHOOSH!
ELECTRIC CHAIR








CURSES! THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E. IS ON THE JOB! WELL, HE WON'T FOIL MY PLAN TO TAKE OVER WORLD GAS DOMINATION!
♫ A LIFE ON ♫ THE OCEAN ♪ WAVES...
SEA GAS
B.U.N.G.L.E.

HEH! HEH! BUNGLE WON'T BEAT ME, G.G.! I'LL SINK HIS RUBBER BOAT WITH A SPIKED TORPEDO!
THERE GOES THOSE DREADED INITIALS AGAIN! WHO IS THIS G.G.?
AND WOULDN'T YOU JUST LIKE TO KNOW?
FIRE ONE!
BOOM!
BANG!
PSSSS!
AAGH! MY SHIP'S BEEN SABOTAGED!
GOSH! GOOD THING THIS PADDLE IS BUOYANT!
SPLOSH!
BAH! HE STILL HASN'T GIVEN UP! I'D BETTER SEND UP SAMMY! HE SHOULD DO THE TRICK!
GO TO IT, SAMMY! DO YOUR STUFF!
GOSH! IF ONLY I COULD GET OUT OF THE SEA!
STAB!
EEEEOOOWW!
HEH! HEH! WELL, YOU WANTED TO GET OUT OF THE SEA— DIDN'T YOU?
GOSH! AND MY PARACHUTE IS AWAY BEING DRY-CLEANED! WHAT NOW...?
WHAT NOW INDEED, READERS! WHAT IS OUR MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E. GOING TO LAND HIMSELF IN? AND WHO IS G.G.? FIND OUT NEXT WEEK...

MEET THE STRONGEST BOY IN THE WORLD . . .

TUFFY McGREW
GOSH! THANKS FOR PICKING ME FOR THE FIRST TEAM, CARSTAIRS — I'LL DO MY VERY BEST!
HUMPH! YOU'RE ONLY ON TRIAL, McGREW!
YOU BAT FIRST, McGREW!
GOSH, THANKS!
THWAK!
CRASH!
YAHOO! TUFFY'S HIT A SIX!—
THAT'S NOT A SIX — IT'S A TWELVE!
GRR! I'LL TEACH HIM NOT TO MAKE MY BOWLING LOOK SILLY!!
CRIKEY! THIS IS A FAST ONE!
FIZZZZ!
MOST UNUSUAL! THE BATSMAN AND THE WICKET-KEEPER ARE OUT!
SPLAT!
WHOP!
SMACK!
LATER . . .
RIGHT, McGREW — YOU ARE BOWLING.
START WITH A NICE, SLOW ONE!
POW!
BOING!
WHOOOOO-OOOOSH!
HELP!
EEK!
SPLAT!
THUD!
CRACK!
CLANK!
THUD!
BASH!
BOING!
I BET YOU PUT ME IN THE FIRST TEAM EVERY WEEK AFTER THIS DISPLAY, EH, CARSTAIRS —?
I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU, McGREW — THERE IS NO FIRST TEAM ANY MORE!
WHAT DID I DO WRONG, UH??
SIGH

BE A SMASHER AND WRITE TO SMASH!

you'll win £1 if your letter is printed!

SMASH!, 64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I've been wondering how long you two have been working. It must be 24 hours a day to do these fab stories in your fine, great comics. WHAM, SMASH, POW, FANTASTIC, TERRIFIC can never be beaten. Have you ever thought of giving away free food like the bubble gum you gave away in FANTASTIC?

Stephen J. Raynor,
Prestatyn.

● ***Don't be greedy, we're giving you plenty of free food for thought, with every Ish, aren't we?***

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I would like to correct Peter Fulton's letter in SMASH No. 61. First of all I will deal with the mistake that you noticed. "Flo" is Flo Steinburg who works for Marvel. He obviously got mixed up with Merry Margaret Smith of Power.

Secondly, I deal with his mistakes about S.H.I.E.L.D.

1. The name of the deputy director of S.H.I.E.L.D. is not Sitwell Jones, but Jasper Sitwell.

2. Nick Fury did not fight the Secret Empire. Gabe Jones, the Hulk and Sub-Mariner did.

Now last, but not least, my gripes about Spider-Man and X-Men.

1. Old Webhead fought Mysterio, not Mysterioso.

2. The Juggernaut is one person (Prof. X's Step-brother). Peter obviously got mixed up with the Sentinels.

Now for my ideas for improving your mags.:

POW—cannot be improved!

FANTASTIC—the same as for POW! It is the greatest British mag. on sale.

SMASH—drop Danger Mouse, Percy's Pets and Batman. Bring back "Queenie" and get a Marvel Western (Kid Colt, Rawhide Kid, The original Two-Gun Kid and the present one). Also, if possible, have a cover similar to POW or FANTASTIC.

WHAM—drop as many funnies as possible, get 28 pages, put Dare Devil in, give Fantastic Four 6 pages and get a colour back page.

John Loughnane,
St. Helens, Lancs.

● ***Nuff said! For once, we're over-Powered. Alf and Cos.***

Dear Alf and Cos,

I know it seems silly a girl reading a boys' comic. Well, people tell me SMASH is for boys, but I think that it's for girls as well. But SMASH is absolutely smashing. You know what I mean? I think the Swots and the Blots are the best. In No. 61 Peter Fulton wrote and said that you ought to try and cut down the funnies. Well, I think you should leave the comic just as it is. But there is one thing I agree with—Batman could be better. Also Ronnie Rich is rather stupid, it's the way he gets rid of his money. He could easily buy a house or a Rolls-Royce or something expensive. If you ask me you should cut him out completely and make room for more of the other stories.

Denise Northwood,
Sutton, Surrey.

● ***Honest, Denise...Ronnie's trying <u>everything</u> to get rid of his money. In fact he's loaned us the pound to send you. Hope it reaches you safely.***

Alf and Cos.

Most of you love SMASH!, but if you want to love it MORE—just fill in the form and send it in with your letter. We'll take note of what you say, and you'll finish up with 28 pages of pure bliss!

My favourite feature in SMASH! is:

.....

The feature I don't like is:

.....

To: SMASH, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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Note: To avoid cutting your comic you can write your name and address on a piece of paper instead and send it with the P.O./stamps value 1/-. (Or get an Order Form from your Wall's shop.)

S.L.

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS...

THE LEGEND TESTERS

MORE WINE FOR THE TWO WONDROUS ONES WHO HAVE HONOURED THE PEOPLE OF THE KEBI WITH THEIR PRESENCE!

THE LEGEND TESTERS, ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS, HAVE TRAVELLED BACK THROUGH TIME TO TEST THE LEGEND OF THE **CROWN OF THE KEBI**. THEY FIND THEMSELVES IN AN ANCIENT CIVILISATION AND, DUE TO THE STRANGE MANNER OF THEIR ARRIVAL, THEY ARE TREATED AS GODS!

ONLY WALU, THE EVIL WITCH DOCTOR, DOES NOT SHARE THE GENERAL PLEASURE AND AWE!

THESE STRANGERS ARE TOO MUCH LIKE *MEN* TO BE *GODS*! AND WHILST THEY LIVE THEY THREATEN MY OWN POWER OVER THE PEOPLE!

BUT THEY SHALL NOT LIVE FOR LONG! FOR I SHALL SEND THEM ON A QUEST FROM WHICH THEY SHALL NEVER RETURN!

LISTEN TO ME, MY PEOPLE! I CAN GUESS WHY THE GODS HAVE VISITED US!

FOR CENTURIES THE PEOPLE OF THE KEBI HAVE MOURNED THE LOSS OF THEIR GREATEST TREASURE! BUT THE GODS ARE HERE TO SEEK IT OUT— WHEREVER IT MAY BE! THEY ARE HERE TO RESTORE TO US THE LONG-LOST CROWN OF THE KEBI!

HAIL TO THE GODS!

THE CROWN OF THE KEBI! THAT'S WHAT WE CAME BACK THROUGH TIME TO TEST!

BUT I DON'T TRUST WALU! I'M SURE HE'S NO FRIEND OF OURS— AND HE'S PLAYING SOME DEEP GAME OF HIS OWN!

BUT EVEN IF WE *WANTED* TO REFUSE TO SEARCH FOR THE CROWN WE DAREN'T— BECAUSE THEN THE PEOPLE MIGHT TURN AGAINST US!

WALU SPEAKS WORDS OF TRUTH! WE HAVE INDEED VISITED THE KEBI TO FIND THEIR LOST CROWN!

AND NOW THE MEAL IS OVER WE ARE READY TO BEGIN OUR TASK!

ROLLO AND DANNY ARE ESCORTED TO A GLOOMY HOLE IN A MOUNTAINSIDE..

THE OLD LEGENDS DECREE THAT THEY WHO SEEK THE CROWN OF THE KEBI MUST ENTER HERE!

BUT WHAT LIES WITHIN IS KNOWN BY NO-ONE!

AND SO BEGINS THE QUEST!

THEY FIND THEMSELVES IN A TUNNEL WHICH SEEMS TO STRETCH ENDLESSLY INTO THE MOUNTAINSIDE.
I EXPECTED IT TO BE DARKER IN HERE THAN THIS!
THE STRANGE QUARTZ IN THE ROCK OF THE WALLS GIVES OFF LIGHT! THAT'S WHY WE'RE ABLE TO SEE!
BUT I SMELL DANGER HERE! IT'S IN THE VERY AIR!

WITH MOCKING EYES, WALU WATCHES THE TWO LEGEND TESTERS DISAPPEAR FROM SIGHT WITHIN THE TUNNEL...
THE POOR FOOLS! THEY WILL NOT GET FAR! THE WINE I GAVE THEM WAS DRUGGED!

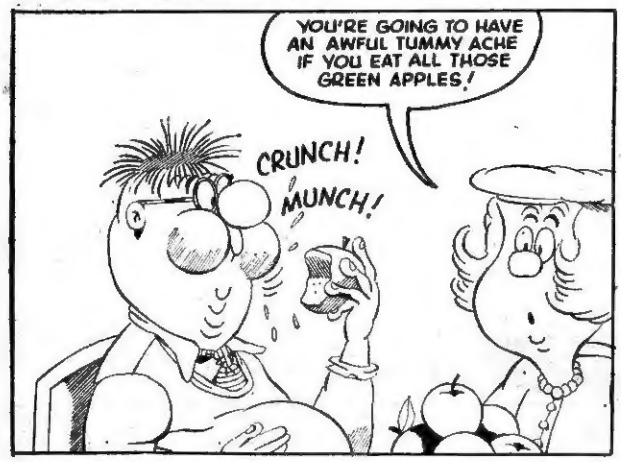
DEEPER AND DEEPER ROLLO AND DANNY PRESS INTO THE MOUNTAIN...
STRANGE! WE HAVEN'T WALKED FAR — AND YET I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL SO WEARY!
SSH! THERE'S SOMEONE OR SOMETHING — AROUND THIS BEND! CAN YOU HEAR IT BREATHING?
WE CAN'T GO BACK! WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!

AGAIN AND AGAIN THEY DODGE THE GIANT APE'S RUSHES!
ROLLO! — I CAN'T KEEP IT UP! I'M FEELING SO TIRED! SO DIZZY!
WAKE UP, DANNY! YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO RELAX FOR A SINGLE MOMENT!

BUT EVEN AS HE SPEAKS, ROLLO TOO FEELS WEARINESS OVERWHELMING HIM!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? I'M SUDDENLY SO TIRED! CAN'T KEEP MY EYES OPEN!

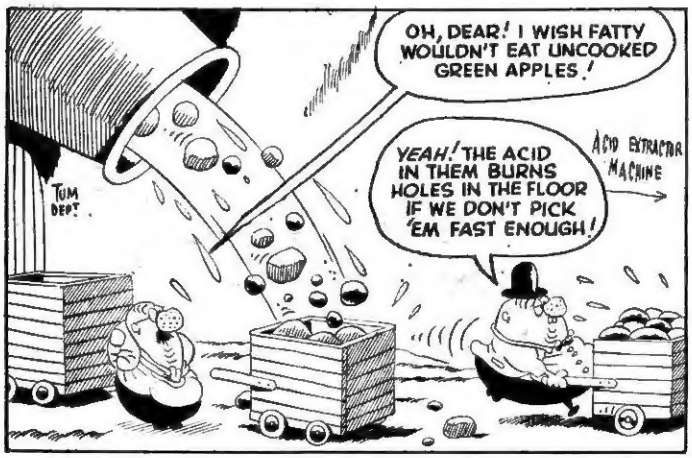
ARE ROLLO AND DANNY TO FAIL SO EARLY IN THEIR QUEST FOR THE CROWN OF THE KEBI? LOOK OUT FOR NEXT WEEK'S STARTLING PICTURES!

THE NERVS


YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE AN AWFUL TUMMY ACHE IF YOU EAT ALL THOSE GREEN APPLES!
CRUNCH!
MUNCH!

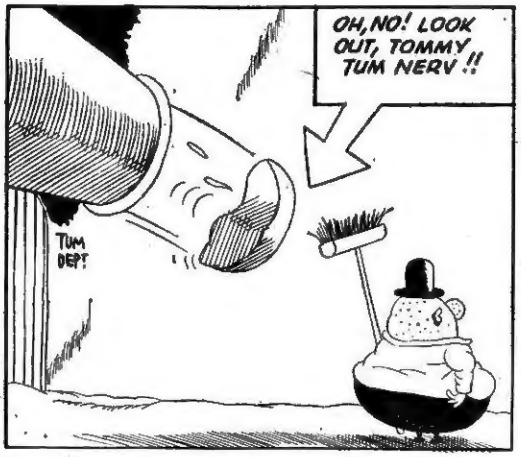
GREEN OR RED— WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? I CAN EAT ANYTHING! MUNCH! MUNCH!

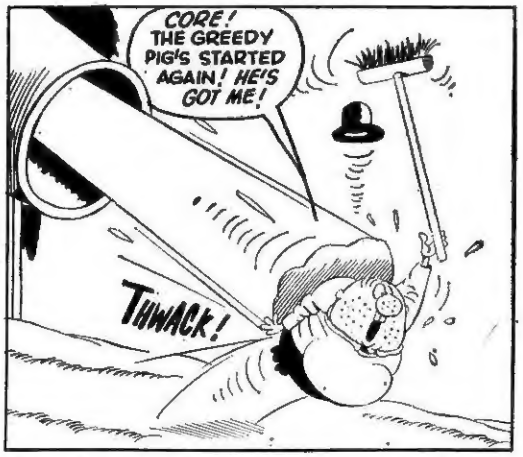
I'LL BET YOU SIXPENCE I'M RIGHT!


OH, DEAR! I WISH FATTY WOULDN'T EAT UNCOOKED GREEN APPLES!
YEAH! THE ACID IN THEM BURNS HOLES IN THE FLOOR IF WE DON'T PICK 'EM FAST ENOUGH!
ACID EXTRACTOR MACHINE
TUM DEPT.

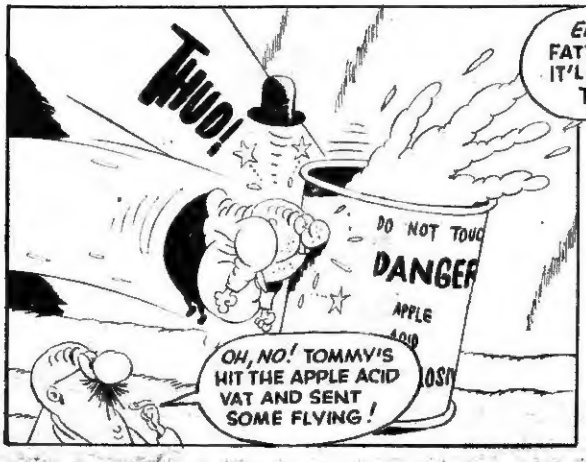
FOOD TUBE
WHEW! FATTY'S FINISHED! THANK GOODNESS FOR THAT!

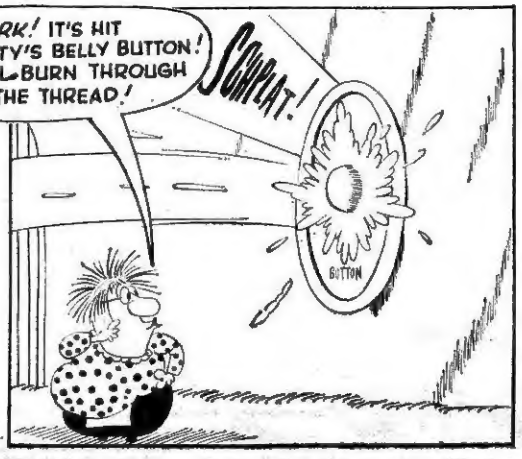
THINK I'LL HAVE ONE MORE— THAT CAN'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE!
CRUNCH!

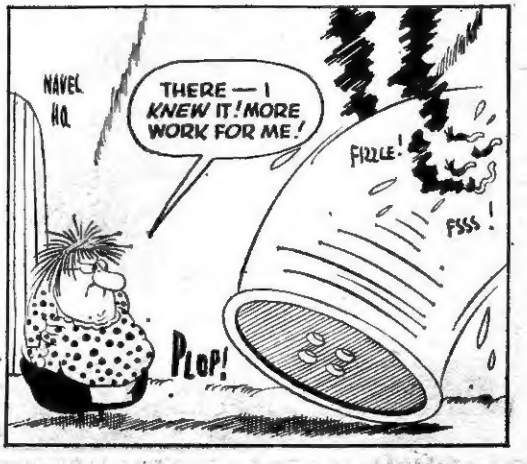

OH, NO! LOOK OUT, TOMMY, TUM NERV!!
TUM DEPT.


CORE! THE GREEDY PIG'S STARTED AGAIN! HE'S GOT ME!
THWACK!

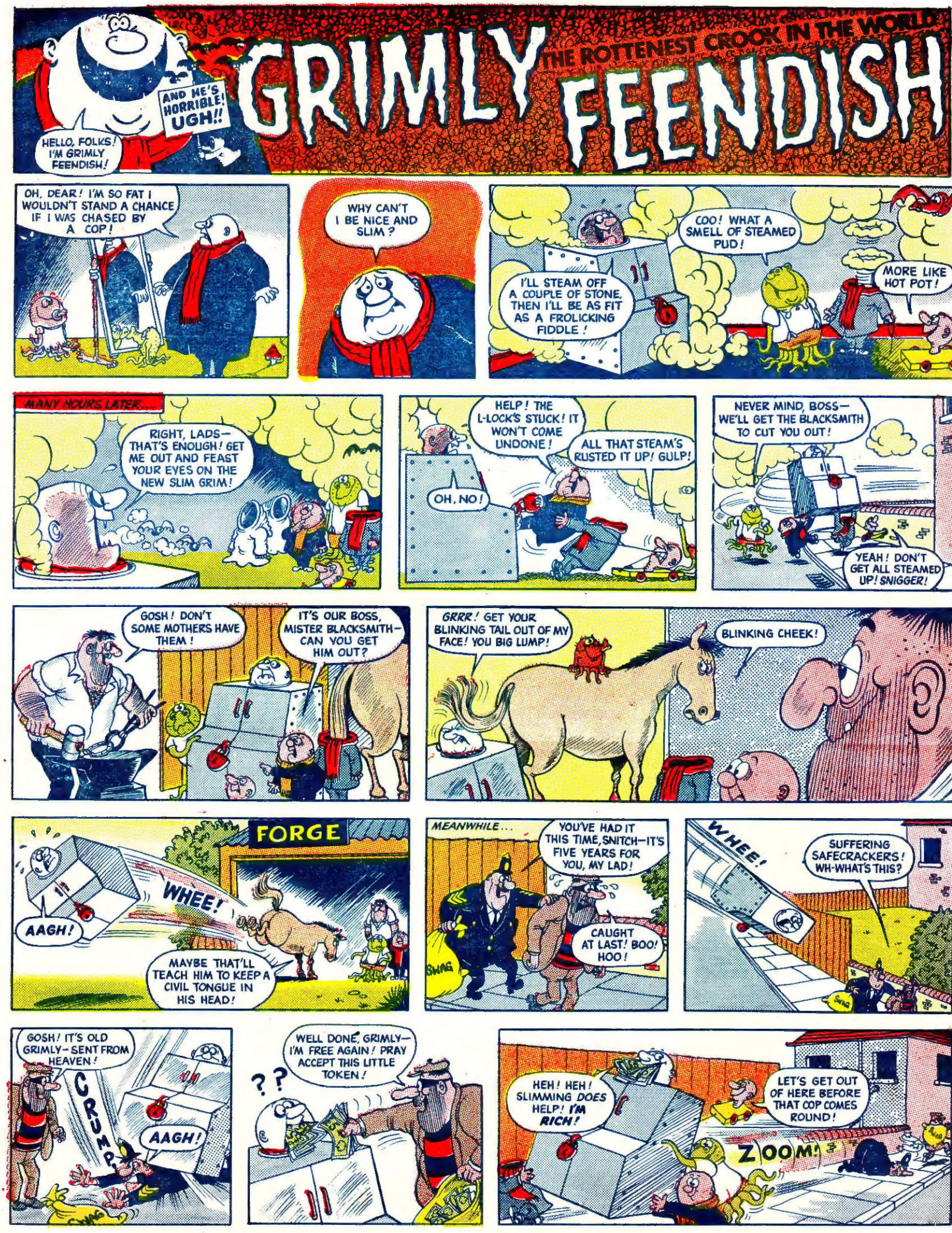
—I HOPE I GET A NICE, SOFT LANDING! —GULP!
WHEEEEEE!


THUD!
DO NOT TOUC
DANGER
APPLE
OH, NO! TOMMY'S HIT THE APPLE ACID VAT AND SENT SOME FLYING!


ERK! IT'S HIT FATTY'S BELLY BUTTON! IT'LL BURN THROUGH THE THREAD!
SONGLAT!
BUTTON


NAVEL HQ.
THERE — I KNEW IT! MORE WORK FOR ME!
FIZZLE!
FSSS!
PLOP!

NAVEL H.Q.
THIS THREAD'S NO GOOD! YOU'VE ONLY GOT TO LOOK AT IT AND IT BREAKS!
FATTY SWALLOWED THIS STRING WITH HIS BOILED BEEF AT DINNER TIME — THIS'LL DO BETTER THAN THREAD. IT WON'T BREAK AS EASILY!
BAH! IT'S TOO THICK FOR THE NEEDLE!
I SUPPOSE I COULD GET ANOTHER NEEDLE.
AND SO...
I GOT THE TOOTH NERVS TO DRILL A HOLE IN THIS SPLINTER OF BONE! IT'LL MAKE A SMASHING NEEDLE!
TEETH
NAVEL H.Q.
IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN APPLE JUICE TO BURN THIS OFF!
BELLY
STAB!
BELLY
BUTTON
JUST THE JOB! HEE! HEE!
STAB!
BELLY
BUTTON
STAB!
STAB!
MUM! ME TUM! I'VE GOT HORRIBLE STABBIN' PAINS IN IT!
STAB!
STAB!
WHAT DID I TELL YOU? THAT'S SIXPENCE YOU OWE ME! AND ALL YOU READERS WHO TOOK ME ON OWE ME SIXPENCE, TOO!
PHEW! THEY'VE STOPPED! I'LL NEVER EAT ANOTHER GREEN APPLE AGAIN!
HMMPH! — TILL THE NEXT TIME!
THERE! THAT WON'T FALL OFF AGAIN IN A HURRY — GREEN APPLES OR NOT!
BELLY
BUTTON


THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD!
GRIMLY FEENDISH
HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!
AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!
OH, DEAR! I'M SO FAT I WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE IF I WAS CHASED BY A COP!
WHY CAN'T I BE NICE AND SLIM?
COO! WHAT A SMELL OF STEAMED PUD!
I'LL STEAM OFF A COUPLE OF STONE, THEN I'LL BE AS FIT AS A FROLICKING FIDDLE!
MORE LIKE HOT POT!
MANY HOURS LATER...
RIGHT, LADS— THAT'S ENOUGH! GET ME OUT AND FEAST YOUR EYES ON THE NEW SLIM GRIM!
HELP! THE L-LOCK'S STUCK! IT WON'T COME UNDONE!
ALL THAT STEAM'S RUSTED IT UP! GULP!
OH, NO!
NEVER MIND, BOSS— WE'LL GET THE BLACKSMITH TO CUT YOU OUT!
YEAH! DON'T GET ALL STEAMED UP! SNIGGER!
GOSH! DON'T SOME MOTHERS HAVE THEM!
IT'S OUR BOSS, MISTER BLACKSMITH— CAN YOU GET HIM OUT?
GRRR! GET YOUR BLINKING TAIL OUT OF MY FACE! YOU BIG LUMP!
BLINKING CHEEK!
FORGE
WHEE!
AAGH!
MAYBE THAT'LL TEACH HIM TO KEEP A CIVIL TONGUE IN HIS HEAD!
MEANWHILE...
YOU'VE HAD IT THIS TIME, SNITCH— IT'S FIVE YEARS FOR YOU, MY LAD!
CAUGHT AT LAST! BOO! HOO!
SWAG
WHEE!
SUFFERING SAFECRACKERS! WH-WHAT'S THIS?
SWAG
GOSH! IT'S OLD GRIMLY— SENT FROM HEAVEN!
CRUMP
AAGH!
WELL DONE, GRIMLY— I'M FREE AGAIN! PRAY ACCEPT THIS LITTLE TOKEN!
??
HEH! HEH! SLIMMING DOES HELP! I'M RICH!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THAT COP COMES ROUND!
ZOOM!